

THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME II.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1911

NUMBER 1



MOTHER'S SCHOOL IN BRITTANY — GEOFFROY.

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*I am to live listening to the voice in my own
soul, and to no other but as sanctioned by this.*

CHANNING.

Begin Now.

Lose this day loitering, it will be the same
story

To-morrow, and the rest more dilatory.
Thus indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost tormenting over other days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do, or dream you can, begin
it,

Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage and then the mind grows heated,
Begin, and then the work will be completed.

GOETHE.

For The Beacon.

The Light in the Oak Tree.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

In Six Chapters.

Chapter I.

"I thought at first it was fun to live in
a boat," said Annie, "even in one that
doesn't go; but now I've got over it."

Ben and Annie Willis stood on the muddy
river shore looking at their home which was
an old house-boat lying on the low bank a
little away from the water. An accident
had happened to it, and the rich man who
owned it, rather than bother to "fix it up,"
as he said, had given it to Father Willis to
live in. Father was lame and out of work,
so he thought the old boat was better than

no home, at least for the summer that was
coming.

"If it wasn't such a muddy, homely place
right down here at the foot of the street,
and a dirty street at that," said Ben, look-
ing up at the straggling village of Millville
that lay just above them along the bank.
"A river ought to have nice, clean shores all
full of butterflies and things. Anybody
might as well stay in a mud-puddle all
summer as to stay here."

"A mud-puddle would be cooler than this,"
put in Father Willis, wiping his forehead
as he paused in his basket-work on the deck
of the "Bluebell," as the old boat was called.
"I wouldn't mind the heat so much, though,
if I could get plenty of work. But every-
body in the village seems to have all the
baskets they want, and I guess I've mended

all the chairs in these parts. If I had a yoke of oxen, I don't know but I'd hitch 'em to this boat and see if they couldn't haul it to a new place."

Ted, the baby of the Willis family, though he was four years old, came dancing out of the cabin of the boat.

"I played I was a-sailin', a-sailin'," he sang whirling about on the deck, "an' nen I came to a island, a island, an' nare was a whale a-lookin' at me, up a twee, up a twee!"

Mother Willis came out of the little cubby-hole where she had been making flapjacks for supper, and there was a smile on her tired face.

"Ted is the most sensible one in the family," she said. "He makes believe and has a good time doing it. That's what we must all do for our summer fun,—just play we're having a lovely real voyage to some fairy island. Only I hope we shall find something better when we get there than a whale up a tree."

Father Willis said nothing, but he laid down his half-finished basket and seemed to be thinking hard, as if a new idea had come into his head.

The next day Annie and Ben heard of a place in the village where they could earn some money by a day's work at a boarding house.

"She wants us to wash dishes and run errands," Annie said to her brother. "I do wish it wasn't so hot, but we ought to get the money if we can. I know father hasn't earned much this week, work is so hard to get, and mother is worried about what we shall have to eat, only she won't say so."

They went off together and worked all day at the boarding house, where a gang of lumbermen had suddenly "camped down" on Mrs. Knight, who found it hard to get extra help on such short notice.

When the brother and sister got home that night, Ted came hopping out to meet them.

"I played I was a little engine," he cried, "an' I went knock, knock, knock all day."

"Hullo, there goes that Mr. Blair with his kit of tools," said Ben, looking at a man in overalls and frock who was just going away from the boat. "I wonder what he has been helping father about. I thought he was just a carpenter or something."

Father Willis said nothing as to what he had been doing all day. He looked very tired as he dragged his lame leg to and fro,—too tired to talk, mother said.

Annie and Ben were tired, too, and slept so soundly that night that they did not hear a deal of hammering and bumping during the small hours.

The next morning Annie was awakened by the voices of both her brothers.

"We's a-sailin', a-sailin'!" sang Ted.

There was a throbbing sound close by Annie's head like the beat of an engine, and it felt as if they were moving.

"Get up, quick, Annie!" shouted Ben in her ear. "The old 'Bluebell's' afloat. Hurrah, hurrah, hooray!"

It was true. The houseboat was out in the river and moving slowly down stream, while the dirty streets of Millville drew farther and farther away.

(To be continued.)

*The fruit we pluck springs from the seed we sow,
And from our deeds flow both our joy and woe.*

Love is the all-conquering power, and to conquer evil by good is its chief end and constant work on earth. CHANNING.

For The Beacon.

A Minute Song.

BY CLARA E. WEBBER.

Did you ever stop to wonder
As the minutes hasten by,
And the old clock on the stairway
Gives their ticking, clicking cry,
Telling o'er and o'er the story,—
Going, gone; yes, going, gone,—
What it is they whisper softly
As they sing from morn till morn?
"Busy ever, weary never,
Go we on our way.
Father Time is watching o'er us,
Helping us each day
To be steady little workers,
This is what we say."

"Some there are who bid us linger.
Not so fast, so fast, they say:
How they'd wonder if we waited
For so long a dreary day!
We must go on thus forever,
We must surely all be there
When the great hour bids us gather,
So to strike us off with care.
Busy ever, weary never,
Our delight to be
The brightest, truest little minutes
Any one could see,
Gliding swiftly to the storehouse
Of dear memory."

"Little ones, we're changing ever,
As you work or as you play.
If you lose us, you'll ne'er find us
Coming in some other day.
For we, counting up so slowly,
Bid the years their story tell.
You can fill these years with glory
If you use each minute well.
Ready ever to endeavor
A kind word to say;
Glad to do a good deed often,—
Cheery be all day;
And the Father, watching o'er you,
Safely leads the way."

The Disappearing Seed.

You will see me again;
I shall laugh at you then
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.

Selected.

The Beacon regrets to find that in its issue of April 23d last there was published, through inadvertence, a poem of three stanzas under the title of "Failure," without credit to its author or publishers.

The first stanza of the poem was as follows:

"What is a failure? It's only a spur
To a man who receives it right,
And it makes the spirit within him stir
To go in once more and fight.
If you never have failed, it's an even guess
You never have won a high success."

We are now advised that this poem was written and published by EDMUND VANCE COOKE, under copyright protection, in a volume called "Impertinent Poems," published by Dodge Publishing Company of New York, the owners of the copyright.

We are glad to take this opportunity of tendering to Mr. Cooke and his publishers our apologies for the unauthorized use of his work, with the assurance that the infraction of the law of copyright and of courtesy was entirely unintentional.

For The Beacon.

With the Air-men at Atlantic.

BY "JAC" LOWELL.

Alf is a country boy. He is as brown as the ever-famous "bun." Not because he has spent the season at the beach, but because he has been busy on his father's farm working in the hay-fields.

Early in the summer Alf's cousin, Dan Howard, came to the farm. Dan is a Harvard College boy, but every summer he comes out to Hillton to earn a few dollars by working in the fields and barns.

Dan and Alf are great chums, and Dan is always planning some good time for his little country cousin.

This year he quite took Alf's breath away by asking, "Would you like to see an airship?"

Alf threw down his rake. "Sure!" he cried, looking toward the sky. "Where is it?"

"Not up there," said Dan; "but, if you work well the rest of the season, I'll take you to Atlantic some day during the Harvard Boston Aero Meet, and we'll see a whole fleet of airships! I suppose you'll be willing to go, won't you?"

"Who wouldn't? Just watch me hustle till the day comes!" And Alf began to rake so fast that Dan had to lean against the fence and laugh.

Alf certainly did work well for the remainder of the season, and, when the week for the Aero Meet arrived, he was all excitement and enthusiasm. But on the very day when they had planned to go, down came the rain in floods. A city trip became out of the question, for the rain continued for several days, and the papers announced that the birdmen at Atlantic were forced to cancel their programs.

Alf was disgusted and disappointed.

"Never mind," said Dan, "maybe we can go Labor Day. That is the date of the big cross-country race from Boston to Nashua, on to Worcester and Providence, and back to Boston. Let's get a map and study up the course they will fly over."

That helped Alf to bear his disappointment, and soon he was poring over maps and charts, while the rain poured outside. He also studied books and magazines telling about famous flyers and the science of flying, the difference between monoplanes and biplanes, the power of the Gnome and Curtiss engines, and many other interesting points. With Dan's help he even made a miniature glider which made rapid trips across the room. He felt that he was becoming quite an aviation expert, and, in a small way, so he was.

Labor Day was of the blue and gold variety which is the delight of every lover of outdoor sport.

Early in the morning Alf and Dan started for Boston. Soon they were with the great crowd boarding the long trains for Atlantic, and twenty minutes later, after a pleasant ride along the boat-dotted bay, they were aboard the trolley spinning toward the entrance of Harvard Aviation Field, "the ideal place for the American man-birds."

The huge, water-fronted field amazed Alf, and, when he was seated on the top tier of the lofty grandstand, he was so pleased that he nudged the boy beside him and exclaimed, "Isn't this great!"

"The best ever!" said the boy. And they were friends.

—Dan then called their attention to some-

thing which was being trundled from one of the tents in the centre of the field.

It was Ovington's Bleriot monoplane, the famous "Dragonfly" which bears its appropriate name on the under side of its graceful wings.

Other air machines soon appeared,—Stone's queer-shaped "Queen," and the biplanes used by Atwood and Lieut. Milling. Alf watched them intently, and now and then he was able to "bring them up close" by a peep through Dan's field glasses. It was a treat indeed.

But the real treat had not begun. The immense crowd eagerly awaited the pistol shot which would signal that the starting time for the cross-country race had arrived. Shortly after eleven the shot rang out. Ovington, already in his seat, raised his hand. The propeller whizzed, the mechanics let go the rudder, the wheels whirled along the grass, and then the "Dragonfly" pointed its head aloft, left the ground, and went darting toward the clouds. The sun gleamed on the speeding flyer, and for many minutes the spectators could distinguish the outlines of the machine. Then it was lost against a cloud far to the north, like a vanishing eagle.

Three minutes later Stone, in his "Queen" monoplane, was up and away, and before noon the two skilful biplanists, Harry Atwood and Lieut. Milling, winged off on the first lap of the one-hundred-and-sixty-mile course. Atwood carried his father beside him.

"Well, that's simply great!" cried Alf. Then, catching sight of Grahame-White's graceful Nieuport monoplane,—"What's that fellow going to do?"

White soon showed everybody that he was "going to do" some real flying, as did also Sopwith, the other British flyer, Beatty and Ely. There were exciting figure-eight races, quick-start trials, fascinating bomb-dropping contests, and spectacular "altitude speed" competitions. When White's Nieuport succeeded in soaring to a height of three thousand feet in five minutes and thirty seconds, the enthusiasts stood up and shouted. The sight of the huge "bird" high against the sky's bright blue was worth travelling miles to see.

"Doesn't your neck ache?" asked Cousin Dan.

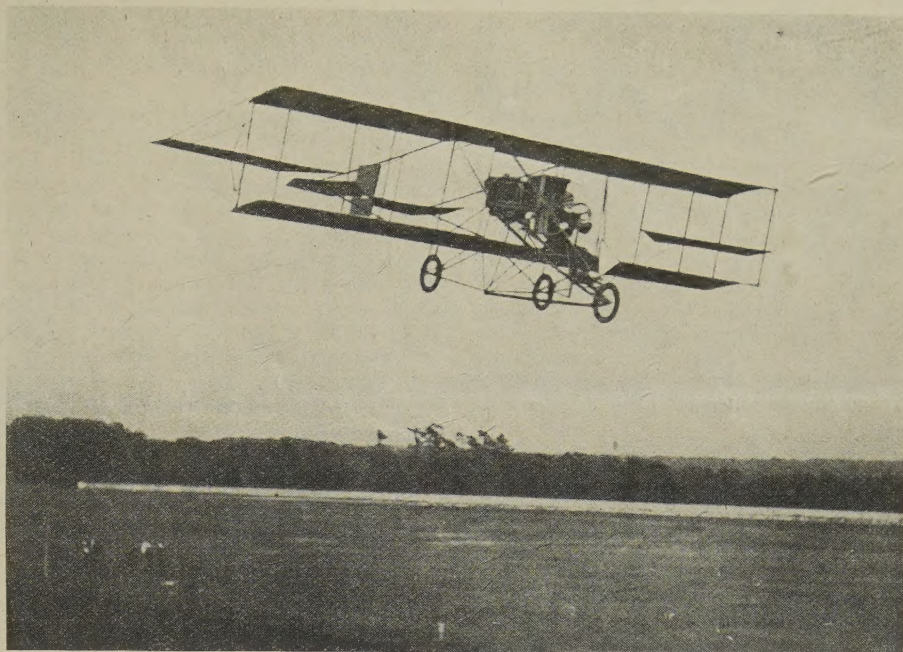
"Yes," said Alf, "but let it ache!"

Every minute of the afternoon was a pleasant one. Soon reports from the cross-country flyers began to come in. Atwood and Stone had been forced to descend at Medford. Ovington and Milling had reached Nashua, N.H., and were on their way to Worcester. Again, "Ovington and Milling are on their way to Providence"; and again, "Ovington and Milling are on their way to Boston."

When the last report arrived, it was growing dark, and a chalky moon was in sight by the time that Earle Ovington's wife, searching the sky with powerful glasses, cried out, "There's Ovie!"

Up stood the vast crowd! Far to the south-west appeared a tiny speck. It grew. It became as large as a bird, as large as a crow, as large as an eagle,—and presently it took on proportions too great for any bird. It was a monoplane, a strong, man-ridden bird, travelling at terrific speed.

On and on it came. Soon the outlines could be seen, and in a short time it was almost directly above the gazing multitude. Then down, down, down, at startling pace,



THE RETURN.

and hailed by countless voices, horns, and gongs, Ovington dropped lightly back to earth into welcoming arms. Alf, Dan, their boy friend, and everybody far and near, shouted until hoarse.

"And now where's Milling?" asked the crowd. On his way from Providence, the announcer informed, and safe and sound. But it was rapidly growing dark. Could the young Army flyer find his way?

A bonfire was started in the middle of the field, and bombs and rockets were sent bursting into the air at frequent intervals,—signal lights and signal sounds for a traveller of the night.

"He's coming!" cried a man with a glass. "See the moonlight strike him!" And, true enough, there he was, flying out of the yellow moonlight into the red glare of the bonfire and the torches.

Again the crowd raised a deafening chorus of welcome, and the band played "The Star Spangled Banner." Alf whistled the same tune all the way home, for two American Air-men had winged their way to victory.

For The Beacon.

When Francis Smiled.

BY ANNA CAMDEN HALL.

It was Monday, and Monday was very apt to be deeply, darkly, and decidedly "blue" in the Pettit household. It was drizzling rain, too; that would interfere with the doings of the weekly "washday." Mrs. Pettit had a headache, and breakfast was a trifle late. Oh, yes! The day bade fair to be of the regulation indigo, until Francis trotted into the dining-room, where baby Louis was already ensconced in his high chair, a loud-voiced protestant against the further delaying of the morning's meal.

Francis ran to his brother's side and smiled. Presto, change! The inside clouds lifted a trifle, and a ray of sunshine shot through the murky air.

Baby, concluding that his crying was to be rewarded, smiled a sweet reply. Just then mamma came wearily into the room, the

fretted look upon her face changing quickly to a smiling one, to match the happy little faces of her baby boys.

Then cook came in with the coffee. Poor cook! with the thought of the day's work resting heavily upon her shoulders, with the day's gloom reflected in her sullen face. But three smiles met her in the doorway, warm, cheery, sunny smiles. It was the work of an instant, then cook was smiling, too. The burden on her back grew fifty per cent. lighter, and threatened to be lifted altogether. Patience and courage walked close beside her as she went again into the warm kitchen. Kindness kept her company, too, so that she carefully avoided treading on the black cat's tail the next time it dodged between her feet, a thing she had thoroughly purposed in her cross, hard heart to do only a few moments before.

The grocer's boy came to the door, and was greeted with such a hearty "Good Morning!" that he turned about to see if the sun was not shining, and whistled as he ran down the garden walk.

"Hi there, son!" he called to a scowling little face, peering from a near-by window, "Want a ride?"

How the sunshine grew as the glad voice answered: "Oh, yes. Wait a minute, won't you, Sam?"

The smile that came tumbling out of the doorway a moment later, carried along by a sturdy little pair of legs, was worth going a mile to see. Away it went, bumpity thump, on the grocer's wagon, to carry sunshine and song, here, there, and everywhere through all the long, dingy day, and to fall peacefully asleep at last, as it waked into morning life, on the face of a little child.

Suppose, only suppose for a moment, that small Francis had frowned and snarled instead of smiling. What a trail of impatience, of anger, of cross looks, of bitter words, of hateful deeds, might have darkened the passing hours and made the dismal day more dismal still!

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

A Greeting to Our Readers.

The Beacon begins its second year with this number, and carries its hearty greetings to more than eleven thousand young readers. You, on your part, are back from summer vacations and are once more in your places in the Sunday school. Will *The Beacon* be a better paper this year than it was last year? Will you get more good from your Sunday school and enjoy it better than you did last year? You see, both we who prepare *The Beacon* and you who read it are beginning a new year, and are wondering what it contains for us. We shall not be satisfied, any of us, to have the new year just as good as the old. It must be better. How is this to be done?

We are rather proud of the first volume of *The Beacon*. The new bound volumes are very pretty in their red covers. Perhaps some of our readers will be glad to know that they can buy these from us at seventy-five cents each. Looking over the pages, we see bright pictures, interesting stories, poems, sermonettes, questions and answers, and puzzles, all of which have been enjoyed by hundreds and by thousands. A great many people have written to us about how good the paper is. Some of these are little children, and we are as glad to hear from these as we are to get the letters of teachers and pastors.

Good as *The Beacon* was last year, it must be better this year. How? In many ways, if we come to details. But there is just one way that includes all the rest: *try harder*. We mean to put more money, more thought, more love into it this year than we did last year. If we do, it will be a better paper. And you, readers of *The Beacon*, can help. Send us letters, stories, puzzles, pictures. Send us new subscribers. There are about twenty thousand children and young people in our Unitarian Sunday schools. We shall not be satisfied until all these are readers of our paper. Perhaps some in your school do not get it. Perhaps some of your friends, not in your school, might like it. Can you not help us in this way?

Good as your school was last year, it may be better this year. Of course it will be, you say, if your minister, your superintendent, and your teachers try harder. True. These workers sometimes report to us that they "are in despair" about their work, when it may be the real trouble is that they do not try hard enough. But the same is true about the pupils in the classes. The boy or girl who studies the lesson, attends regularly, listens to all that is said, is the boy or girl who really likes the school. And the one who carries a flower for the teacher or for the pulpit, or who helps to distribute the books or gather them up again after the school, is the one who enjoys it the most.

What is true of the Sunday school is true of the public school, of the home, and of everything we try to do. One cannot be really happy on a picnic, even, if his only thought is to have a good time. If in having what he calls "fun" he annoys others or causes them pain, he cannot be happy. Selfish conduct makes others unhappy, and so creates a sort of atmosphere in which it is as difficult to be comfortable as it is to be dry on a foggy day.

In the home and in the school people have to be so close to each other that they affect each other very much. If one person is happy, all will find it easier to be happy. If one is cross, others will become irritable. So with all our moods and habits. And this is

true whether the person who is happy or cross, careful or careless, thoughtful or selfish, is a boy or a girl, a father or a mother, a teacher or a playmate.

There is, then, only one right thing to do, and that is to learn to be thoughtful and helpful. Even if all we want is to have a good time, that is the way to have it. So, to come back to our Sunday school, the way to have a good year is for all to take hold together. The teachers ought to meet frequently, that they may have a common purpose. The pupils ought to catch the spirit of the school and feel that it cannot be as good a school as it might be without their help.

Edward Everett Hale used to say that "together" was the best word in the English language. Do you see why? It takes us all to do any great work. We are happy in our tasks if we do them well. We are happiest when we stop thinking about ourselves and try to help others. Shall we not make this a year of service?

For *The Beacon*.

The Little Tenor in the Chorus.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

One evening, a year or so ago, I went to hear a St. Cecilia Society concert in Symphony Hall, Boston. There were several reasons for my going, one of which was the fact that a very good friend of mine was to sing as a tenor in the chorus.

When the concert began and the chorus rose, a flood of harmony seemed let loose. The music swelled like the waters of a great river. Hundreds of voices united in one great volume of song.

As they sang, I looked for my friend, the tenor, in the chorus. He was a very short man, and, in spite of my excellent eyesight, it was quite impossible for me to catch even a glimpse of him in the crowd of singers.

Then I tried to hear his voice among the others. If I couldn't see him, surely I could hear him, I thought. But, try as I might, it was impossible to tell his voice.

Yet I knew that he was there, and that he was singing his part faithfully and well. And I knew also that his part was absolutely necessary to the harmony of the splendid song. And after all, I thought, what does it matter if I cannot see or hear him when his work is counting just the same?

Now this is just what you and I need to know and remember in regard to our own lives and the lives of others. If we forget it, we shall be very uncomfortable at times, and shall certainly not be able to do our best work in the best way.

You see, there are only a very few people in the world who have what we might call solo parts in the great chorus of life. Only a few take parts that may be seen and heard by many people. Most of us are compelled to do simple little duties that never seem to count at all. Most of us are in the chorus.

We often make the mistake of thinking that the simple little duty doesn't count, and that everything depends upon the few people who are doing the big things. It is a mistake, a bad, sad mistake. And, the sooner we find it out, the better will it be.

Now, suppose my little friend in the chorus at Symphony Hall had made that mistake during the concert, and had said to himself: "There is no use in my singing. No one can see me. No one can tell my voice

from the others. No one would miss me if I dropped out and went home."

And suppose he did, and the next tenor in the chorus said and did the same thing, and his example was followed by the next as well, how long would it be before the concert would have been completely ruined? But, knowing that he counted, he stayed and sang and made the concert a success.

The work you have to do may seem very small. It may seem as if the world would go on just as well if you did not do it. You may think that you can drop out without being missed.

But you cannot! The song of life that God wrote for humanity to sing will be imperfect if your voice is not heard. There is no one really more important in the world's work than you, and no one whose part is any more essential.

When you realize this, you will no more think of dropping out than did my little friend. You will say: "I will stay if I am needed. I will sing if I can make perfect the song of humanity. I will do my part, whether it is great or small, if God has planned that part for me and is depending upon my doing it."

And some time every human being will come to know this great truth, and all men and women and children will be true to the parts that God has given to them, and then will come the glad new song of love and justice.

RECREATION CORNER.

A FALL PLANTING.

Example: Plant the days of the year, and what will come up? (Dates.)

1. Plant tight shoes, and what will come up?
2. Plant a millionaire, and what?
3. Plant a disciple of Saint Paul, and what?
4. Plant a landing for boats, and what?
5. Plant some cats, and what?
6. Plant a government building, and what?
7. Plant the author of the "Marble Faun," and what?
8. Plant a dude, and what?
9. Plant a vessel for holding water, and what?
10. Plant a signet of a king of Israel, and what?

EUGENE T. OLNSTEAD.

After the material for the last number of *The Beacon* had been sent to the printers, contributions to this column were received from Ruth Trafton, Clifton, N.J.; Julia M. Proctor, Rowe, Mass.; Stanley N. Kellogg, Arlington, Mass.; Eugene T. Olmstead, Excelsior, Minn.; and Mabel F. Low, Peabody, Mass. We shall print some of these contributions in later numbers.

Raymond O. Waterman of New Bedford, Mass., sent us the correct answer to the riddle in Number 30, Eugene T. Olmstead to the puzzles in Number 33, and Curtis F. Bates of Fairhaven, Mass., to some of the puzzles in Number 34.

Now the Editor is wondering who will be the first contributor to this column in Volume II.

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